

GAGAKU

once again
I wrote a poem
within which there was an
attack on woman

jack london's 2nd wife
to be precise

so
I threw the poem away
crumpled it up

and tossed it
into my small black
swedish fireplace

I haven't burned it yet
I could dive in
and save it

but I believe there
has been enough attacks on woman
too many in fact

in fact
I think that's why
no women come and visit
here
anymore

I've attacked'em too much
in the very books
I've given'em

as presents
they don't want to hear
that
shit

LIFE

brings one
so far down
going to the typewriter
seems ridiculous